

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.

will say so. By and by is easily said,
Is now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nor* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gylidensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
Your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Lazerd so neer's as doth hourly grow,
Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
To steepe holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
Withall the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Is not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
That's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Set on the somnet of the highest mount,
Whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
The morticall and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment, petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will hast vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I le looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still possesst
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

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